

Poem entered according to Act of Parliament,  
in the year 1886, by Walter Norton Evans, and  
the Illustrations in the year 1893, by Elizabeth  
Warren and A. B. Clarkson, in the office of the  
Minister of Agriculture.

1410

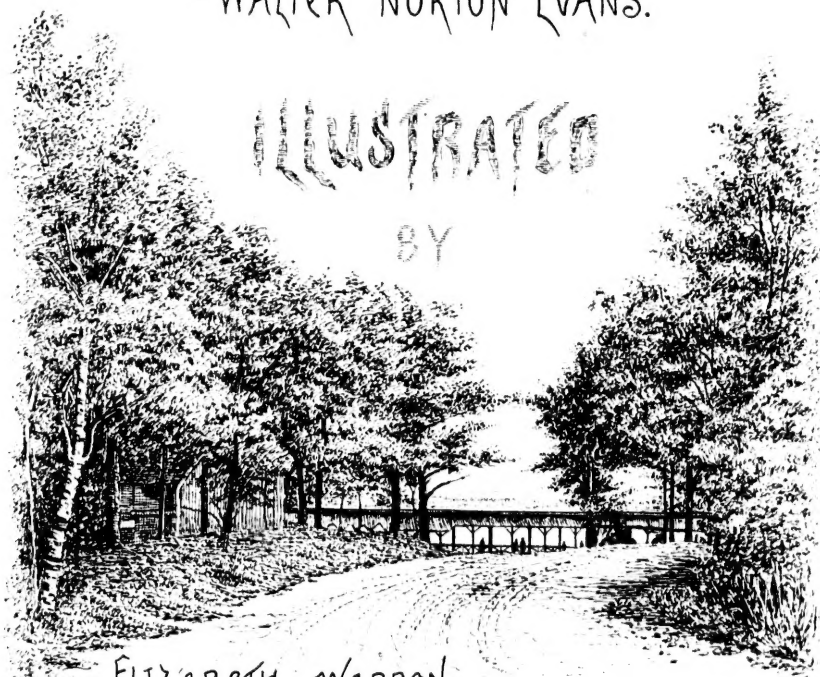
# Mount Royal

by

WALTER NORTON EVANS.

ILLUSTRATED

BY



ELIZABETH WARREN

AND

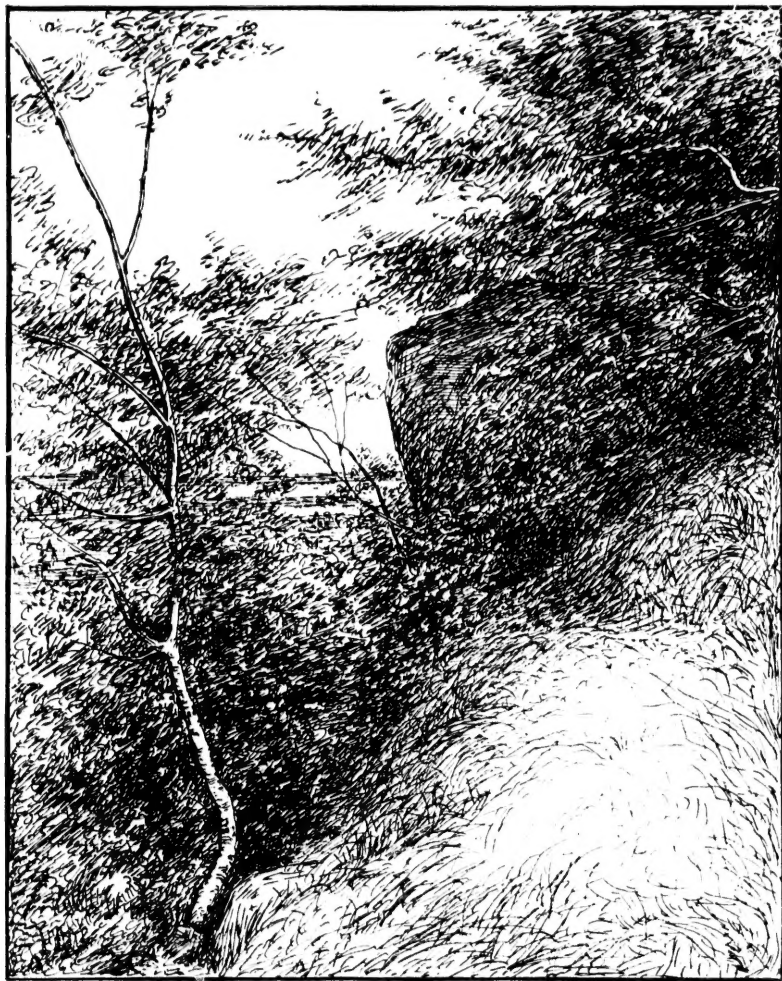
A.B. CLARKSON

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The Poet  
approaches the  
mountain in  
youth.



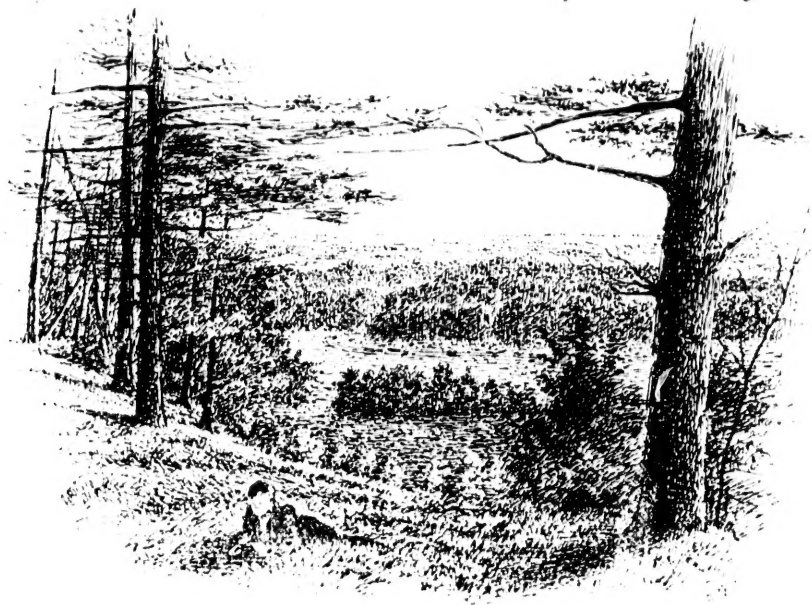
**H**ail, Royal Mountain!  
 Venerable pile!  
 Gray-headed sentinel from that far past  
 When the creative fiat erst went forth,  
 And the dry land appeared above the main.  
 Loud roared the seas; the floods did clap  
 their hands;  
 When from the waters thou didst lift thy head,  
 Rearing it towards the azure dome above,  
 There to be bathed in the pure light of God.



As thou didst stand alone,  
amid the waste  
Of many waters, searching sky above  
And sea below, didst thou not feel the thrill  
Of the Almighty Spirit moving o'er thee,  
Within thee, and around?

Did He not speak to thee?  
Well hast thou kept His secret thro' the ages;  
And in thy rocky heart we read to-day,  
How thou the mighty fiat didst obey.

Thou patriarch of hills - so old, yet young  
And fresh to-day, by thine obedience  
To the same mighty law which gave thee birth,  
Take me within thy wide-embracing arms,  
And, while I rest upon thy grassy lap,  
Tell me, thy lover, ever fond and true,  
The secret thou hast cherished for so long.



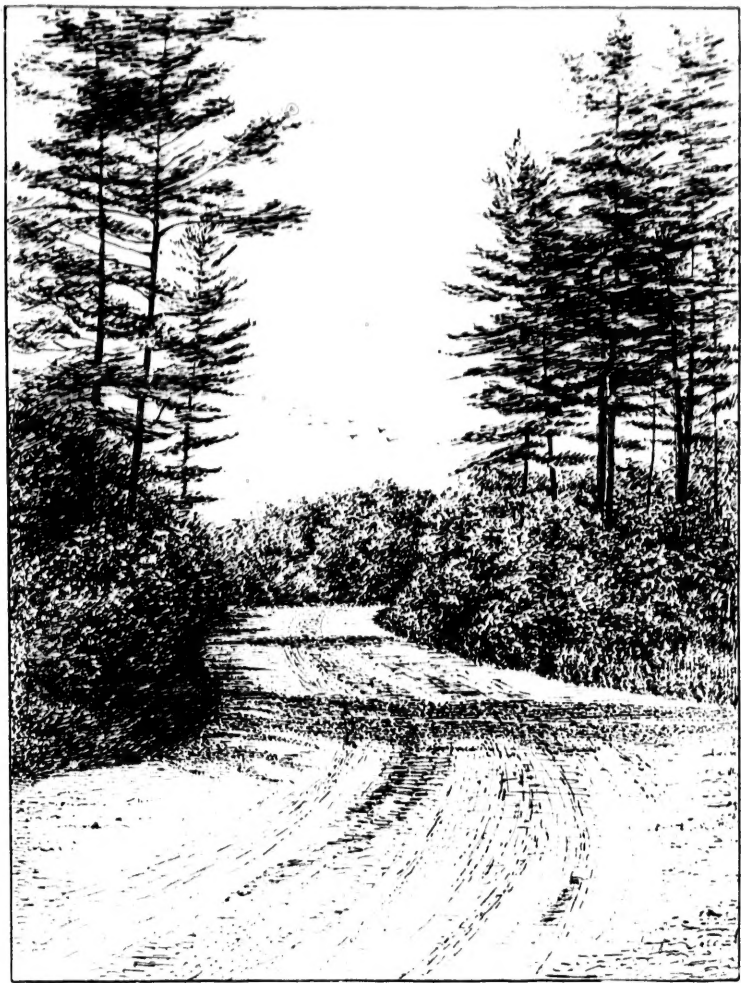
young  
rice  
birth,  
arms,

g.



The Mountain  
replies by pointing  
to  
THE SUNRISE.



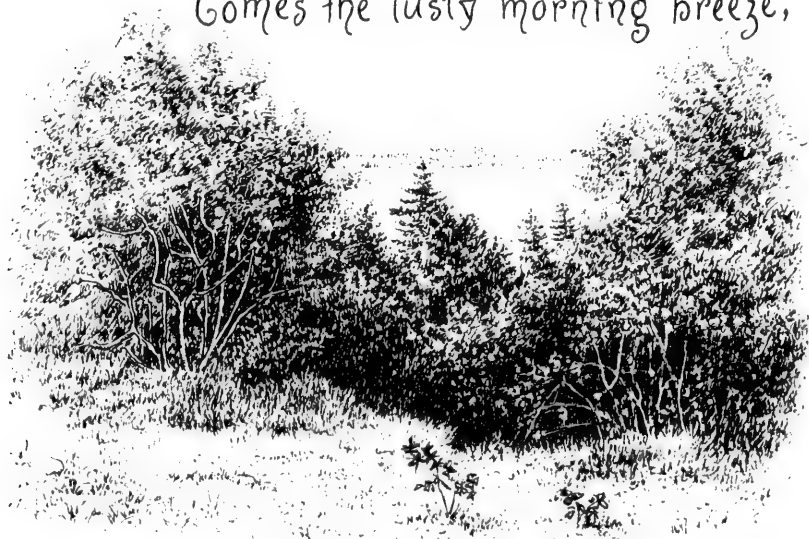


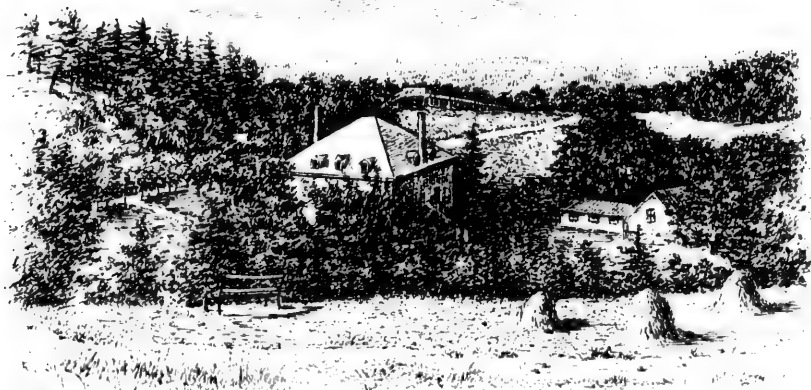


Dost thou see the golden glory,  
Waking in the dreamy east;  
Tingeing all the mountain summits,  
Clothed in grey and heavy mist?  
Wave on wave of light is breaking;  
Morning breezes gently play;  
And, in brightness none can gaze on,  
Rises now the orb of day.



Nearer, rolls the quiet river  
Ever onward toward the sea:  
Dark and sullen are its waters,  
Till the daybreak silently  
Beams upon them.—warmer tintings  
Blend upon its bosom cold;  
And the magic of the morning  
Changes all to burnish'd gold.  
Onward, through the sparkling ether,  
Comes the lusty morning breeze,





3e,  
Steals the perfume from the hay-mows;  
Rustles now among the trees:-  
Birds pour forth their liquid music;  
Squirrels chatter loud and long;  
Insects, soaring, creeping, crawling,  
Join to swell the matin song.  
Morning in the silent mountain;-  
Morning in the balmy air;-  
Morning in the happy valley:-  
Glowing morning everywhere!



Change on change, thro' countless ages,  
Has been wrought by unseen hand;  
Mighty waves of ocean rolling  
Where lies now the fruitful land.  
Torrid heat has bathed my summit,  
Clothing me with herbage rare;-  
And, anon, eternal winter  
Spread his empire everywhere.

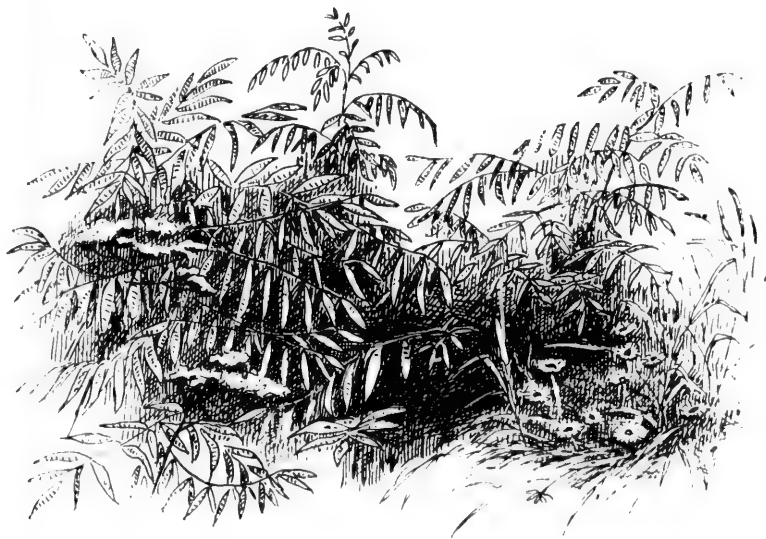


Then the Ice-King, grim and silent,  
Glistening armies forward led,  
All subduing; and the fallen  
Grinding 'neath his flinty tread.  
(Change on change, through countless ages;  
Still the miracle of day  
Never yet has failed in breaking;  
Never halted on its way.



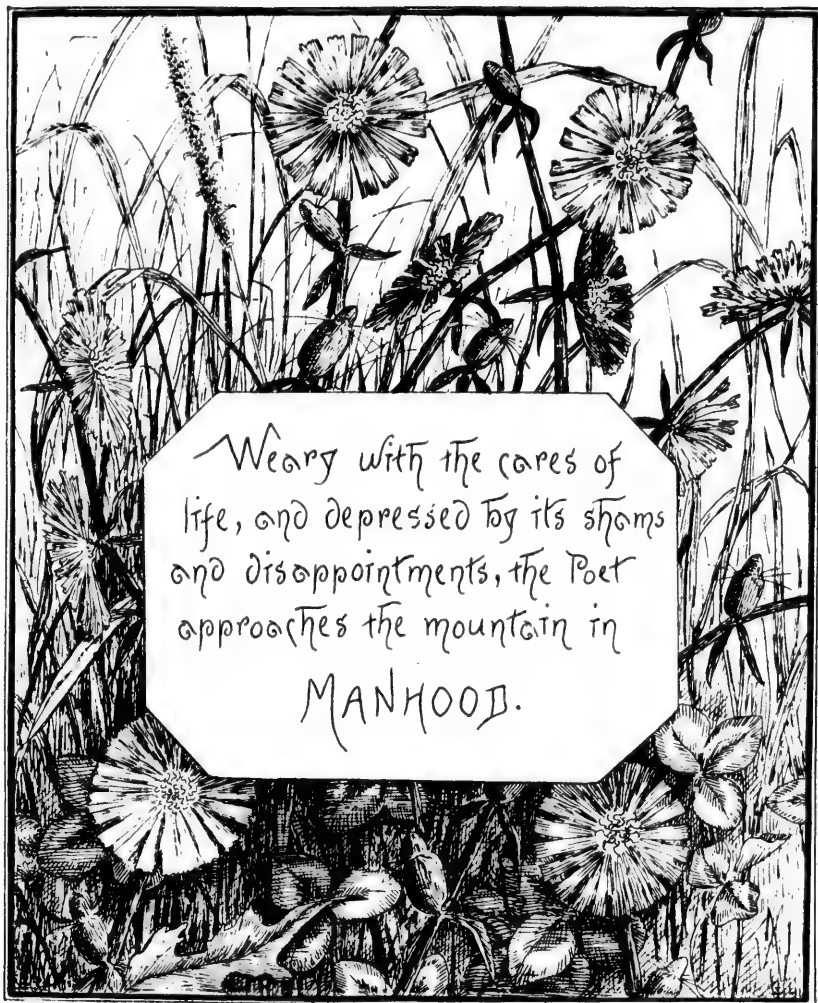
Faintly, like a distant echo  
From the long-forgotten years;  
Nearer roll the strong vibrations,  
Thundering now in mortal ears:-  
Never, while the earth remaineth,  
Shall the ordered seasons fail:

" Day shall wake to brave endeavour;  
" Night shall spread its restful veil.  
" Hope shall tint youth's early morning;  
" Love, light manhood's cloudy way;  
" And old age's rapid current,  
" Faith shall gild with endless day."











Wearied with the cares of  
life, and depressed by its shams  
and disappointments, the Poet  
approaches the mountain in  
MANHOOD.



weary world of  
disappointed hope,  
Of thwarted aims,  
and pitiful defeats.  
Successes,  
worse than failures, lifting up  
Their gilded victims to a giddy height,  
Only to cast them to a lower hell.  
The golden lever in unskilled hands.  
Unlovely hearts, whose sympathies have turned  
To gall and wormwood,  
made the poison'd channels  
Through which the sweetest ministries of life  
Shall be poured forth upon the pure white souls  
That do and bear, and bless humanity.



A golden calf set in the market-place;  
 And worshippers, in bloody sacrifice,  
 Offering what should be dearest:—  
 character,  
 Honour and heart, upon the reeking  
 altar.




How many a noble soul, that started forth  
 On life's great voyage, with a fav'ring gale,  
 Drawn from its course by unexpected tides,  
 Like a tall ship involv'd in dangerous shoals,  
 Ambition fills the sail; Greed takes the helm,  
 And the proud ship of Manhood lies a wreck  
 Upon the sharp and flinty rock of Self.



Here shall I hide me  
from the mournful sight !  
Where shall I rest my weary, aching head ;  
And cool my feverish lips ?

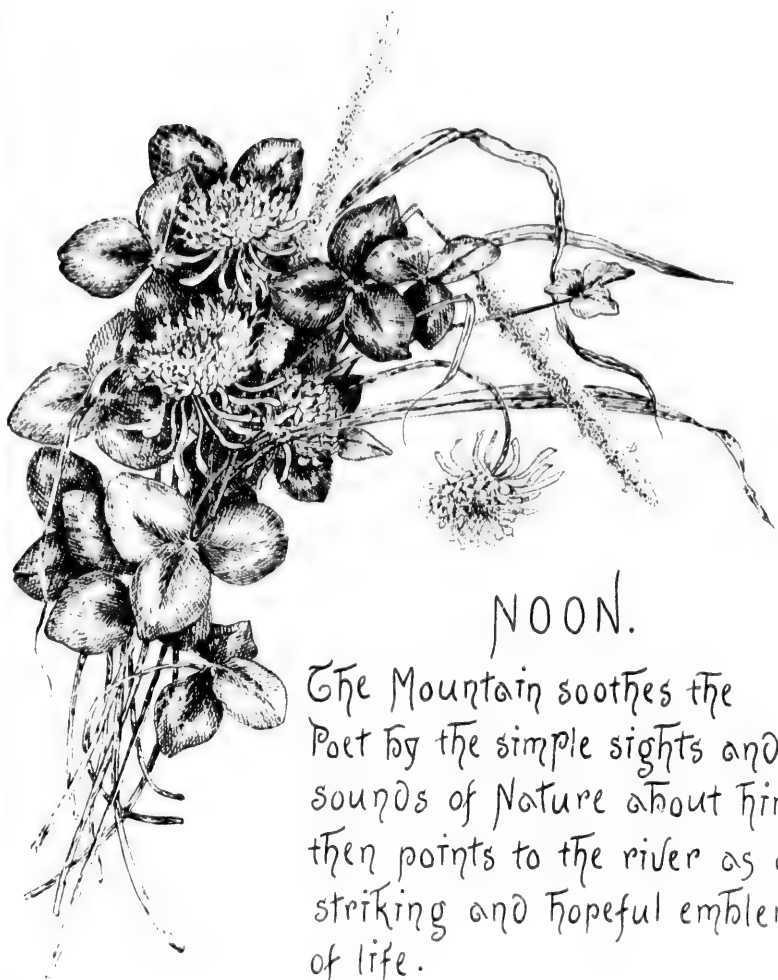
To Horeb's brow  
The care-worn leader of the desert host  
Withdrew, that he might be alone with God :

And there, in earnest, consecrated thought,  
He heard th'inspiring voice of Deity,  
And gazed upon Jehovah face to face.  
Oh! Royal Mountain!

Holy Mount to me.  
I come to thee, as in bright days of yore:  
That by thy pure and calming ministry,  
In reverence and deep humility,  
I may be brought nearer the heart of God,  
And hear His voice in Nature's voice around







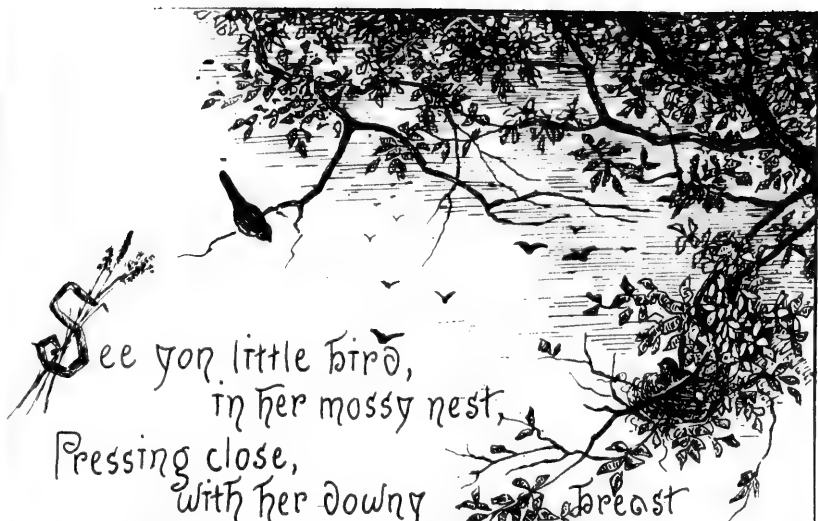
## NOON.

The Mountain soothes the  
Poet by the simple sights and  
sounds of Nature about him;  
then points to the river as a  
striking and hopeful emblem  
of life.





Here on the smooth  
and elastic turf,  
Where the grass is growing  
fresh and green;  
Where the  
ox-eyed daisies  
gracefully bend,  
And the golden  
buttercups peep between;  
Where the sumach fans with her feathery hands,  
And the maple gives a grateful shade;  
Where we hear the song of the summer wind,  
As it tenderly woos the shadowy glade:-  
Here soothe the nerves, and rest the brain,  
And trust and comfort will come again.



See you little bird,  
in her mossy nest,  
Pressing close,  
With her downy breast  
Three tiny eggs and joyfully  
Eyeing her mate, who on yonder tree  
Warbles his song so rejoicingly.  
Dear little birds! Do they fume and fret  
About the seasons, dry or wet?  
Do they worry about the winter to come,  
That shall drive them away  
from their Northern home?  
No :- They do their duty, and sing their song,  
And trust in Providence all day long.



Nature has many  
a delicate  
tone



We hear not, because  
of our hurrying feet;

Yet we miss, when the  
exquisite note is gone,

The harmony,  
tender and sweet.

'Tis only a melody sharp and clear,  
That fills with delight  
the untrain'd ear;

While the subtle harmonies  
echo find

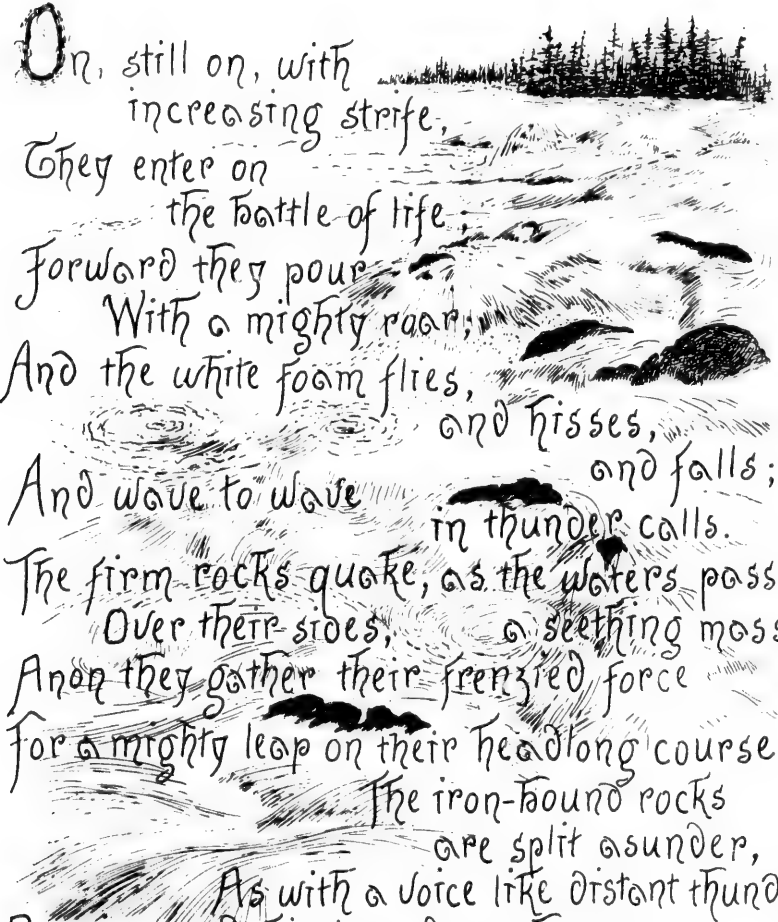
In the calm retreats  
of the cultured mind.





Are you rested yet?

Then quietly stroll  
To yonder smooth and grassy knoll.  
Away to the south the river is seen,  
Embosom'd soft in living green;  
Its calm, blue waters, clear and bright,  
Seem dancing now with a child's delight,  
And with the sunbeams play.  
But soon, with youth's impetuous stride  
They seem the lazy bank to chide  
And, laughing, roll away.

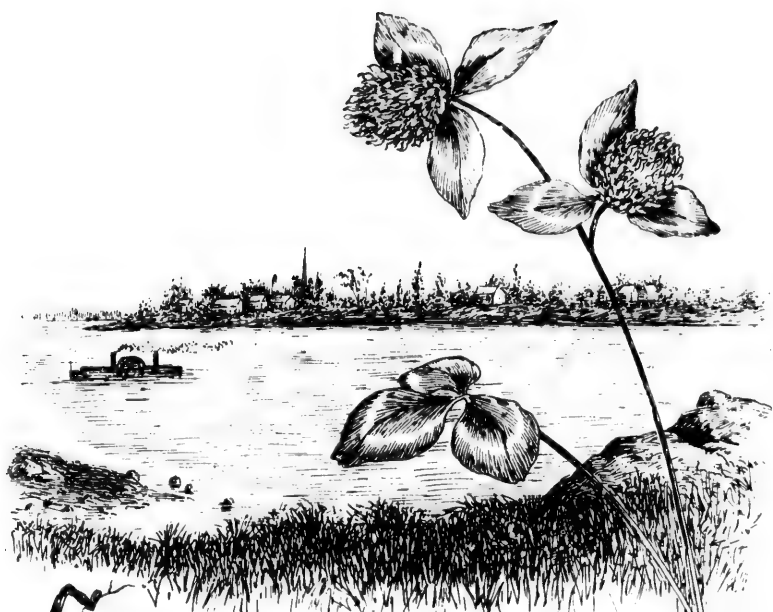


On, still on, with  
increasing strife,  
They enter on  
the battle of life,  
Forward they pour  
With a mighty roar;  
And the white foam flies,  
and hisses,  
And wave to wave  
and falls;  
in thunder calls.  
The firm rocks quake, as the waters pass  
Over their sides, a seething mass.  
And they gather their frenzied force  
for a mighty leap on their headlong course:-  
The iron-bound rocks  
are split asunder,  
As with a voice like distant thunder,  
Roaring and hissing, down they go,  
Into the boiling cauldron below.

Exhausted, the waters linger awhile,  
Calm and cool, round the Holy Isle;

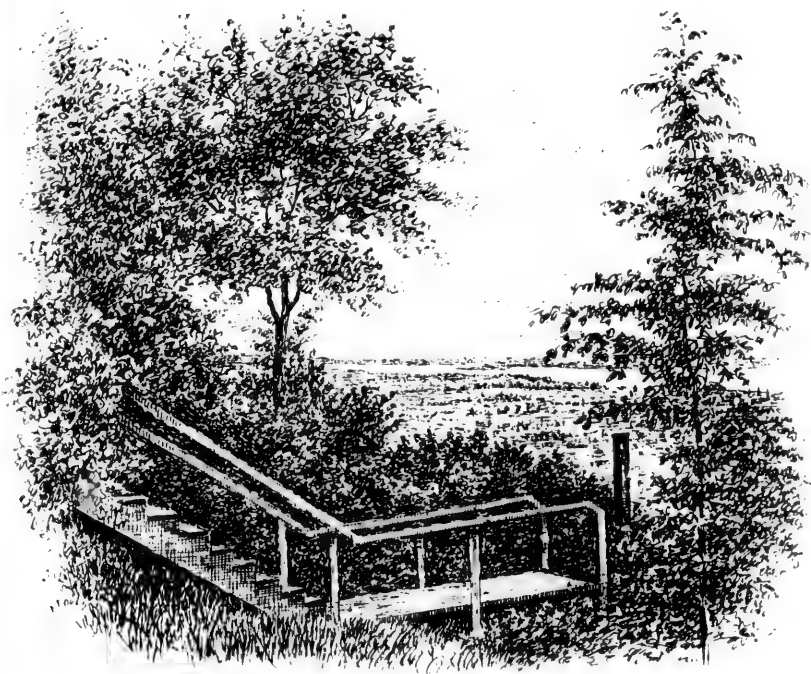


And they widen their bounds,  
                                    and learn at length  
To use for others their mighty strength.  
Past the crowded city they flow,  
Bearing a blessing to high and low:-  
They ripple round islands verdure-drest,  
Calm as the islands of the blest:-

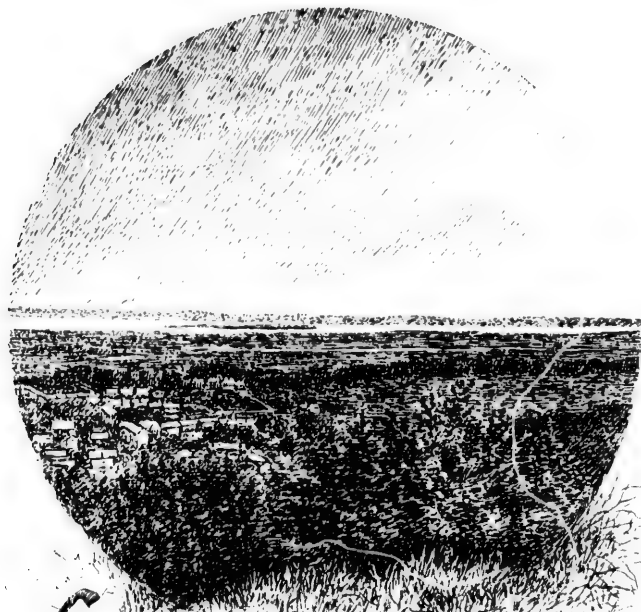


Cardinal flowers deck the water's edge,  
And wild-ducks hide in the leafy sedge.  
Onward they press with majestic motion—  
The shores recede, and the waters wide  
The impulse feel of an inward tide  
That rolls as a welcome from the ocean:—  
As the Spirit comes to the striving soul,  
A welcome guide to the longed-for goal.

And far away, with calm delight,  
The river with the ocean blends;  
Leaving no trace, to mortal sight,  
Where ocean rolls, and river ends:-  
As the soul no severing mark will see  
When time blends into eternity.







Gaze on the azure dome above,  
Bending o'er all, like a Father's love.  
Its arches far and wide are spread  
From the glowing centre above your head;  
Telling that sympathy and care  
Are with us here and everywhere;  
And o'er the hearts that sadly pine,  
Is the central spring of aid divine.



Sleep, weary labourer!  
Rest is sweet  
Neath the pine-trees' shade,  
in the noontide heat.  
The gentle fanning of summer air  
Shall sooth the  
fevered brow  
of care.

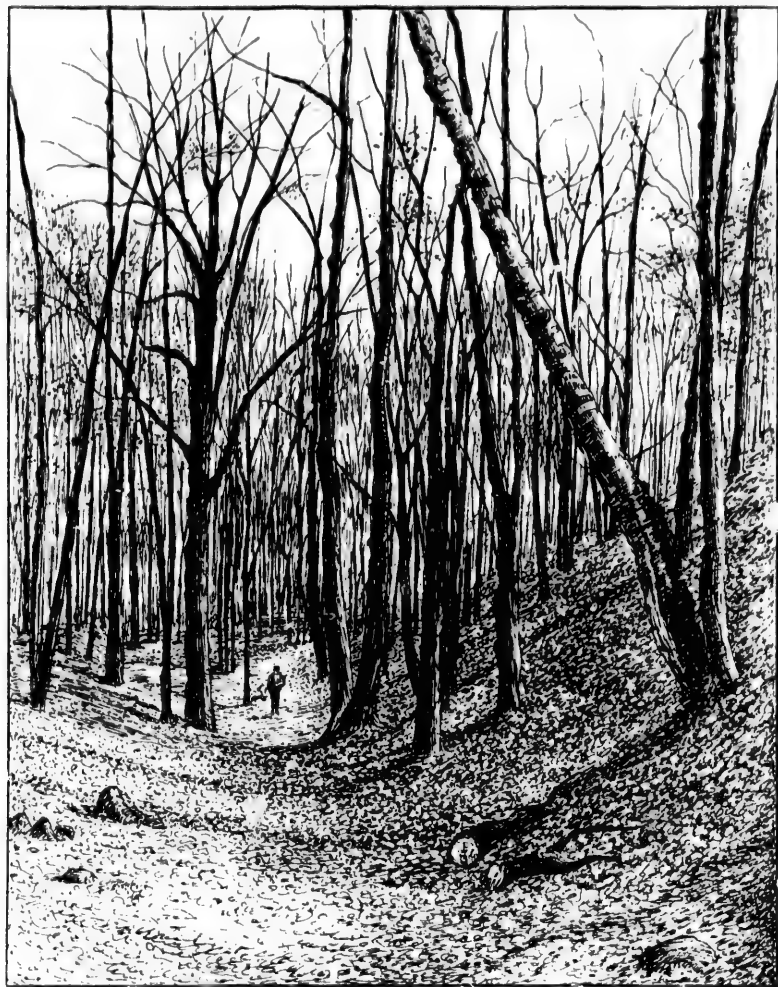
The drowsy hum of the honey bee  
Shall be a lullaby sweet to thee.  
Birds shall sing in thy dreaming ears,  
And flowers their perfume shed;  
And happy visions of by-gone years  
Shall soothe thine aching head.



Wake, rested labourer! Hope returns:-  
A brighter vision within thee turns.  
Nature's lessons of truth and beauty  
Are trumpet calls to earnest duty.  
Not what we have had, but what we are,  
Shall measure us at the judgment bar.  
There is little need for the anxious thought,  
If the loving heart be thine;  
And the seed that is sown with the brave "I ought,"  
Will bring forth fruit divine.



The Poet  
approaches the  
mountain in  
OLD AGE.



Once more,  
old friend,  
with weary steps  
and slow,

I come  
to mount thy  
venerable sides;

To gaze upon  
the wide  
expanded view;

To drink in

the enchantment of the scene;  
To waken tend'rer views of human life;  
To hold communion with th' Eternal Spirit.  
Here, in the days of youth, I watch'd the dawn  
Spreading her golden mantle all around,  
Revealing beauties lying unsuspect,  
And Nature vocal with the voice of God.





Ah! Golden Youth!

From me are gone for aye  
My halcyon days; yet thou'rt perpetual.

And now, reclining at the tireless feet  
Of children's children, I can voice the lesson  
That thou, in by-gone days, hast taught to me.

Thrice blest the youth, who, from his mother's  
Knee,

Where he has learned to hush the praise of God,

Turns to the open book of God Himself,  
To find revealed the thoughts that He  
Has thought.



To him, how poor the wretched siren-voice  
Of selfishness and sin: it woos in vain.





Through many a bowler of living green I pass;  
By many a glade, whose daisy-dotted sward  
Elastic springs beneath my trembling feet,

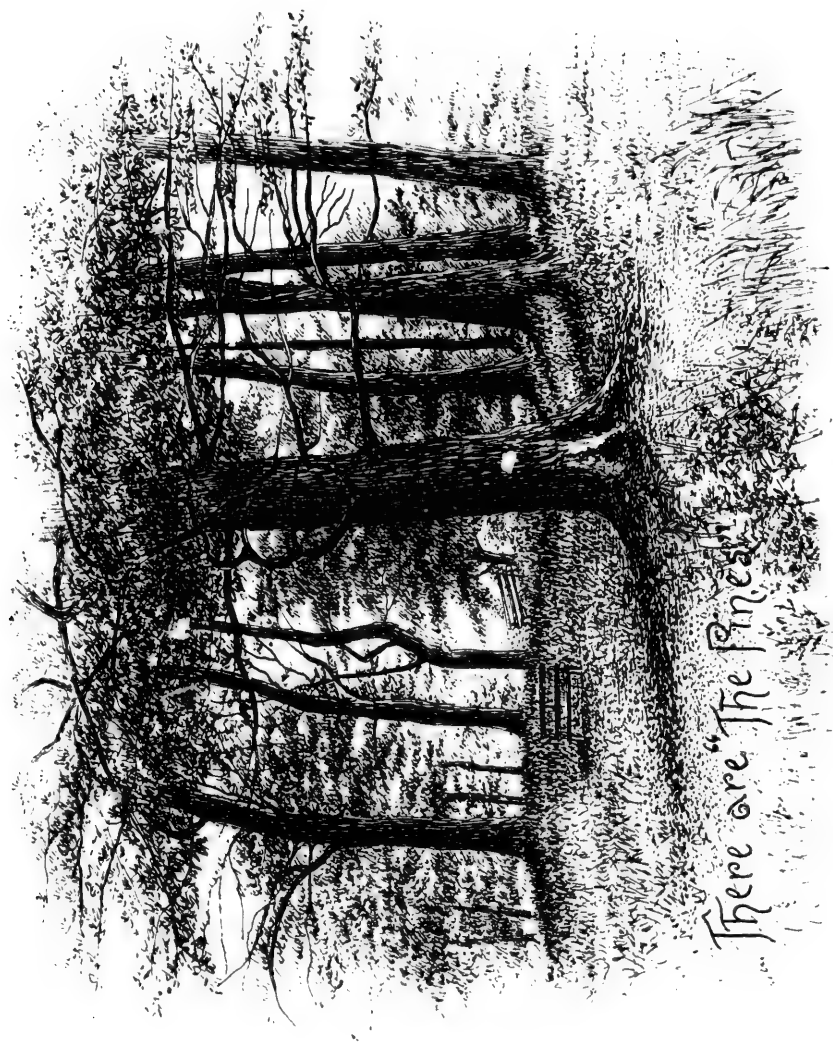




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Bringing sensations of an earlier day:-  
On to the mountain summit, where I lay  
In strong and loving angel arms, and heard  
Through Nature's voice, which is the voice  
of God,

Lessons of courage, confidence, and peace.  
Here as I lie beneath the maple shade,  
How glorious a view is spread for me.



There are "The Pines"



On moonlight nights in winter, has aroused  
where many a wild halloo  
The sleeping echoes;



When the  
snow-shoers,

In blanket suit, with brightly coloured sash,  
And tuque of red or blue; their mocassins  
Of moose-skin, smoothly drawn on well-  
sock'd foot,  
And snow-shoe firmly bound with deer-skin  
thong,  
Wound up the hill in long extended files,  
Singing and shouting with impetuous glee.



How glorious, when silent stars look down,



And pale moon  
glistens on the  
                  stainless snow;  
And leafless branches blend in gothic arches



To make a fairy palace on the hills!  
Beneath my feet, the winding mountain  
road;

Beyond, a gently rising ground, whereon  
Dwarf oaks, and silver birch, and sugar  
maples,

With interlocking arms, are like good friends  
Of varied mind and state, yet all unite





To bless each other,  
and to help mankind.

While yonder lie the hill and meadow-land,  
Now emerald green, but on bright winter nights,  
Upon whose snowy bosom happy crowds  
Fly on the swift toboggan down the hill,  
And o'er the broad expanse;



or toilsofely  
Ascend the steep incline;  
when fairy forms

Lean for support upon the stalwart arms;  
Then listen, feigning doubt, but all believing,  
To the firm accents of a manly voice  
That speaks in true and earnest tones of love.  
And now, thou subtle Spirit of the Mountain,  
To whose enchanting voice I oft have listened;  
Speak to me once again prophetic words  
That shall give comfort to my weary heart,  
And make mine age but as the bloom of youth.



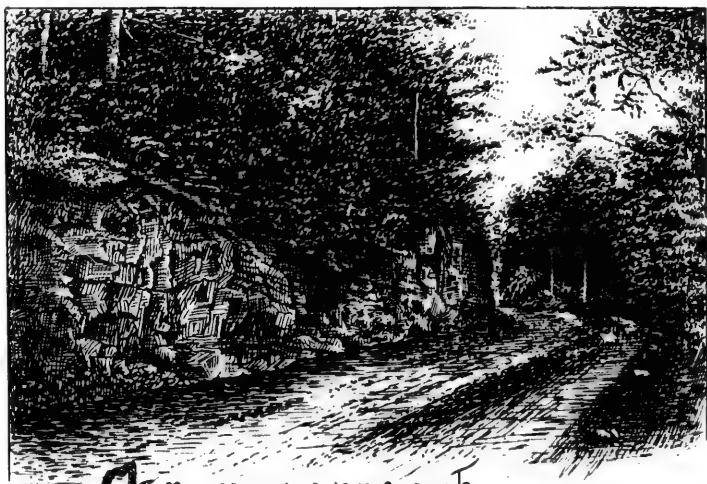


The Spirit of the Mountain,  
Directing the Poet's gaze across the  
"City of Silence," shows the heavenly  
gates open in THE SUNSET.

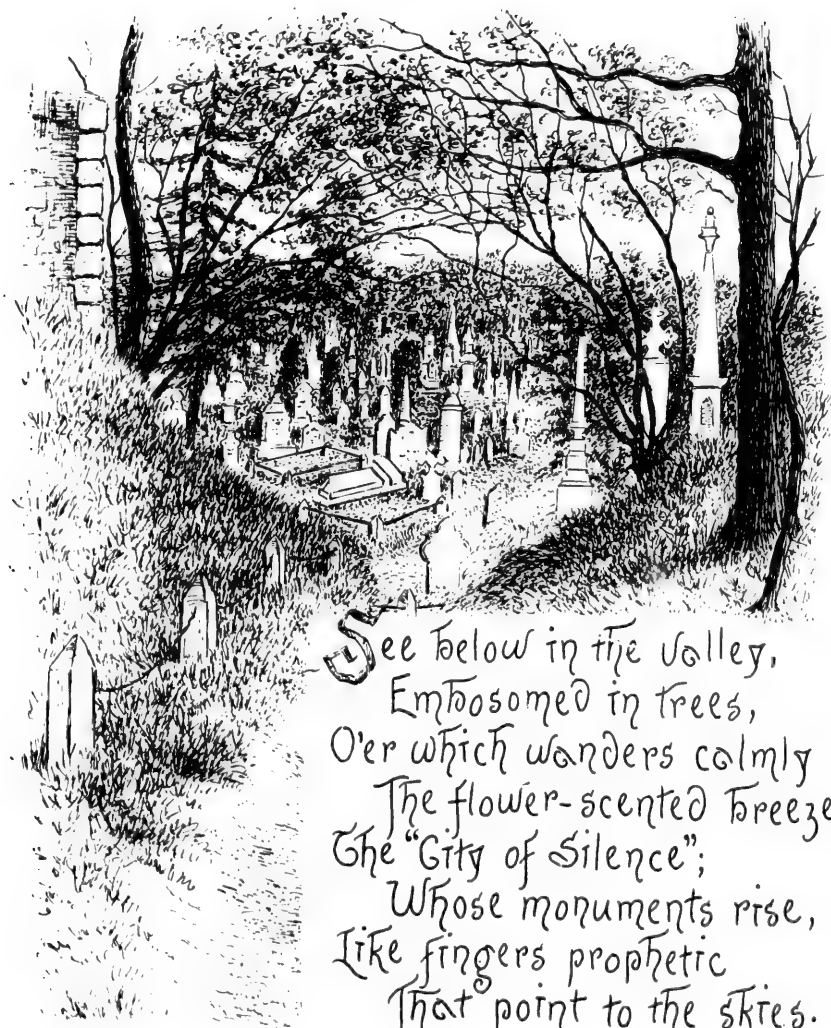




Child of the earth; thou whose spirit immortal  
Time and its changes can never control;  
As thou approachest the grave's dismal portal,  
Sunlight eternal shall beam on thy soul.  
Long hast thou loved o'er the mountain to wander;  
Each secret haunt to thy feet hath been known;  
Every sweet lesson of love thou hast pondered,  
In bird or in wild-flower; in leaf or in stone -  
Prayerfully pondered it,  
Earnestly striving to make it thine own.

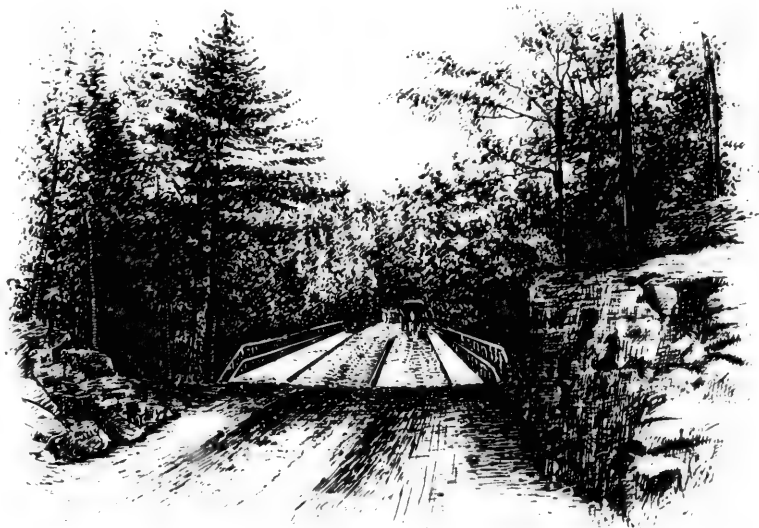


Age may approach;  
But whoe'er on the mountain  
In the Veiled Presence has reverently trod,  
He has drunk deep of the life-giving fountain  
Filled with the grand inspiration of God.  
With awe he unravels the mystery of ages,  
And secrets divine are breathed into his ear;  
As in wonder he searches the God-written pages,  
Unseen, yet impressible, the Author draws near;-  
Draws near so tenderly  
Broad'ning his vision, dispelling his fear-




See below in the valley,  
Embosomed in trees,  
O'er which wanders calmly  
The flower-scented breeze,  
The "City of Silence";  
Whose monuments rise,  
Like fingers prophetic  
That point to the skies.

To low wails of sorrow  
The echoes awake;  
Or hearts hide their anguish,  
And silently break;



While Nature, kind mother,  
Broods over the tomb,  
And decks its dim arches  
In beauty and bloom





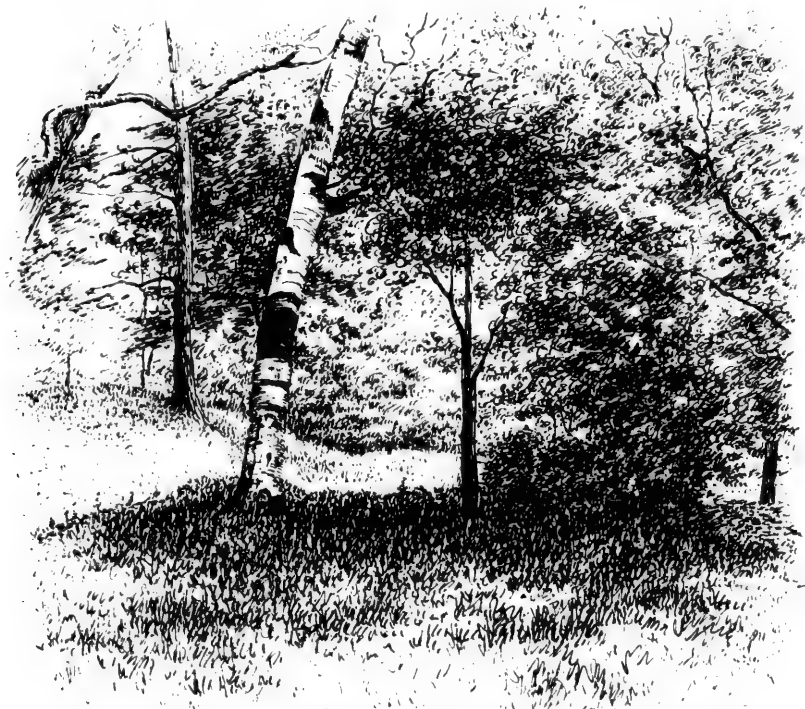
But the valley, whose windings  
Are hid by our tears,  
Opens broad on the mountains  
Of undying years:  
And the soul that has listened  
To Nature's calm tone,  
Hears the same voice of  
sweetness  
From Heaven's high throne.

Oh! Erebus midnight  
Preceding the morn:-  
Oh! travail of anguish  
That joy may be born.



Go patient endeavour  
The blessing is given:-  
The faithful of earth are  
The sainted of Heaven.

But not in graves the thought of man  
can rest;  
Were that the end, life were, indeed, unblest.  
Better to be the spring-reviving sod,  
Than soul forbid to share the life of God.



est.



Behold, beyond the "City of the Dead,"  
How fair the landscape to our vision spread;  
And in the midst the silent river lies,  
Its calm, clear waters mirroring the skies:-

"Lake of two Mountains;" - not the Stygian stream  
That darkly filled the ancient poet's dream:  
But, like a soul that manfully has striven,  
Blending with shades of earth the light of  
Heaven.



And now the sun across the azure deep,  
Moves to his setting with majestic sweep;  
God's inspiration in the holy glow,  
Fills the blue vault above, the earth below:-  
Spirit to spirit calls:- in awe we kneel,  
Th' uplifting of a Real Presence feel;  
And there, encircled in a flood of light,  
The Golden Gates beam on our raptur'd  
sight!



The Poet bids farewell to the mountain.





Farewell. Old Mountain!

From thy wood-crown'd heights  
I bear away a deeper, dearer sense  
Of "God-with-me" than e'er I knew before.  
Mounts of Transfiguration still there are,  
That lift us far above the influence  
Of time and sense, and bring us nearer Heaven:



And such thou art to me.—When in the valley  
We feel our limitations, grieve, and fret;  
And then, in wild despair, look to the hills;  
For there are wisdom, strength, and boundless  
love.

Thou blessed mountain-teacher, fare-thee-well!



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